

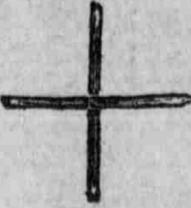
THE CHILDREN



NOVEL TRICK WITH MATCHES

By Placing in Form of Cross One May Be Moved to Give Perfect Square—Solution is Given.

Place four matches in the form of a cross exactly as they are placed in the illustration, and challenge a friend to move one match to form a perfect square.



Form of Cross.

square. One match, and one match only, may be moved, and it must not be bent or broken in any way. All four matches are required to complete the square.

The match to move is shown in the illustration. The square is the tiny



Solution of Puzzle.

spot in the center of the cross formed by the end of the four matches.

TOY REQUIRES MUCH SKILL

Object is to Collect All Three Feathers in Receiving Cup at Same Time—Patience Needed.

Both little people and big will find amusement in the toy devised by a New York man and shown in the illustration. Anybody will find that it requires all the patience and skill he possesses, or, maybe, a little more, to get all three feathers into the receiving cup at once. The cut explains itself, but any person wishing to make the toy may want more detailed description. A square box-like affair of wire is fastened to a handle from which a twisted wire support, bearing a receiving cup of semi-circularly



An Amusing Toy.

curved metal, rises to the center of the box. The object of the game is to get the three feathers into the cup and it is far from as simple as it sounds. It is easy to get one in and only a little bit harder to get two, but the third makes plenty of trouble. The difficulty lies in keeping the feathers in the cup while tilting the box about to capture the last one.

A Doll's Silver Set.

A set of silver for the doll's dressing table can be made from tinfoil, so it is a good plan to save all the tinfoil that comes around candy, etc., and smooth it out nicely. You may make a mirror for the drawing room or the doll's boudoir of the tinfoil with a border of gold paper. Cut out a piece of cardboard in any shape you desire and then cover it with tinfoil. The gilt border should not be plain, but should be cut into ornamental corners or used to cover a raised frame of cardboard. If you are going to use the mirror for the dining room or library of the doll's house make the mirror in the same manner with a double cardboard frame around the edge and cover this frame with dark paper in the wood tones.

Even the Octopus Blushes.

The octopus frequently changes in color like a marine chameleon, says Harper's Weekly. It would appear, from recent studies of this creature, that the colored pigments whereby this change in color is effected is contained in envelopes in its skin, in the tissue of which are muscular fibers actuated by nerves. Should these fibers become relaxed, a dark pigment appears. The phenomenon is said to be analogous to blushing.

Some of Moon Left Over.

Edith (aged three), for the first time noticing the new moon—Oh, look at the star!

Herbert (aged five)—No, that is not a star. That's just what is left over from last night's moon.

THE RABBIT.



The rabbit is a cheerful beast. He never pines on. He never gossips, gads or tells. One-half the things he hears.

Ill-natured talk and mean remarks He never passes on. That's why he is by all his friends. So highly looked upon.

HOW TOY PUPPIES ARE 'MADE'

Little Fellows Are Given But Half Teaspoonful of Raw Meat Each Day—Alcohol Also Used.

The ordinary public is under the impression that "toy dogs" are a special breed of themselves. Mrs. Kensington Cook exposes this cruel trade in the hope that it will kill the demand for such unhappy "pets."

The exhibitor of a champion toy dog at a recent great dog show explained to the newspaper reporters that it was "the breeding that did it." This is a misleading statement. It is not the breeding but unnatural inbreeding which produces degenerates. Sometimes tiny dogs are obtained from old parents. This is one of the methods adopted among others even more repulsive. The smallest puppy of the litter is picked out and fated for a special career; he is to be "brought on" as a show dog, and only to be sold at a high price. He is specially fed on a teaspoonful of chopped raw meat for a meal.

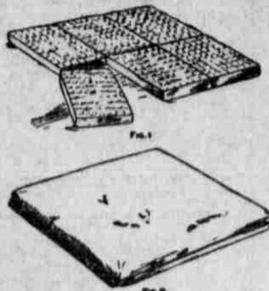
It is well known to veterinary surgeons that raw meat "creates an appetite," which means that it causes a flow of gastric juice. They use it with sick dogs, who do not care to eat, and generally find that after a little raw meat they are willing to eat a wholesome and sufficient meal. But the valuable toy puppy has the raw meat in small quantities—half a teaspoonful for a meal—and nothing more; the result is that the gastric juice corrodes the walls of the stomach and causes permanent gastritis. Some breeders have the puppy that is on this special diet weighed every morning, and if he shows any increase in weight he has no food at all that day, not even the half teaspoonful of raw meat. Sometimes alcohol also is given.

Most owners of dogs of this kind find that their pet is ill when first in their charge; and they will perhaps boast with pride that they have cured him; but, alas, it is generally added with regret, "He has grown bigger!" They have no idea that he always has been more or less ill from want of natural feeding. Many die soon after they pass into new ownership, and people think it is because they did not know how to take care of them. In any case, they are short lived, and succumb with great suffering to any attack of illness, because they are degenerates from the start, and are so reared as to have no constitution.

WRESTLING MAT FOR YOUTHS

Denver Club Members Arrange Six Bed Mattresses in Such Manner as to Prove Satisfactory.

The cost of a wrestling mat is so great that few small clubs can afford to own one. As we did not see our way clear to purchase such a mat,



Made of Bed Mattresses.

I made one of six used bed mattresses (Fig. 1) purchased from a second-hand dealer, writes Walter W. White of Denver, Colo., in the Popular Mechanics. I ordered a canvas bag, 12 feet 3 inches by 12 feet 3 inches, from a tent company to cover the mattresses. The bag consisted of two pieces, with the seams along each edge. The mattresses were laid side by side and end to end and the bag placed on and laced up as shown in Fig. 2.

Woods Full of Trees.

Little Gertrude was visiting in the country, where she saw many unfamiliar things. "Grandpa," she queried one day as they were passing through a grove, "why is it that a woods is always full of trees?"

Meaning of Charity.

Sunday School Teacher—What is the meaning of charity, Stella? Small Stella—It's when somebody's got a cold and you lend them your handkerchief.

The Onlooker

by WILBUR D. NESBIT

The Road that Ran Away



The little road lay by the brook. Where drooping branches flung a shade; It loitered beside the leafy nook. Where butterflies in summer played; It crept along among the fields. Where birds sang welcomes to the morn And where, proud with its clashing shields, There stood the army of the corn.

The little road roamed idly on. Across the valley sweet the dew. Until the silver sky of dawn Changed into one of deepest blue; The rugged cliffs forgot to frown. Upon the little road that wound Around them to the little town— The solemn cliffs asked: "Whither bound?"

It rambled through the village street. Where swaying fences hemmed it in— The roses, tremulous and sweet. Asked what the goal it thought to win— But on the little road now went With newer dreams and never will Until at last well nigh forscent. It climbed atop the highest hill.

And then it ran away! It ran To where there gloomed the city's smoke; It heard the rumble of the van, It heard the hammer, stroke on stroke; And now the little road was seized, Was curbed, and held, and fashioned straight— Ah, it recalled the breeze that teased The roses at the swaying gate!

And it remembered all the nooks Where laxy trees through drowsing noons Bent, listening to little brooks That lulled the flowers with their croons; And it thought of the popples bold That hung their banners in the wheat— Now it was firmly in the hold Of city wall and city street.

And day and night and night and day It heard the roses calling low; From far and far and far away Called all the joys it used to know; The grass that bothered it one time Called to the road that it came home And find the hills it used to climb. Before it thought that it must roam.

The little road would often yearn To seek again the meadows fair, But it was never let return, Was forced the city's toll to bear— And there he men who make their moas Of binding way and grinding load, And dream of joys they once have known, As does the foolish little road.

POPULAR GAME.



"Phwhere hov yer been this ave nin'?" asks O'Toole. "Sure, I've been playin' Bridget whist. 'Tis a foine game, it is." "Bridget whist? An' how do yer play that?" "I sit in the kitchen wid Bridget an' ate pie an' cake an' chicken, an' whis Bridget bears th' missus comin' she says 'Whist!' an' I hide in th' pantry."

Not Prepaid.

"I," said the eminent lecturer, politician, candidate, and magazine writer, after half an hour of glowing eloquence, "I cannot help but believe that I have a message for the world, and—" "And you are delivering it collect!" interrupted a man with a peaked nose and sharp eyes, who sat somewhere in the middle of the house.

The Course of Sprouts.

"It is asserted," says the visitor to Experience, "that you are a dear teacher." "And so I am," explains Experience, "except to those who do not learn their lesson well and have to come to me for a post graduate course."

Candor.

"Do you know, when we went into the conservatory I was afraid you would propose to me?" "How odd! I meant to, but I was afraid you would accept me."

Wilbur D. Nesbit

Five Per Cent Commission

By LAWRENCE ALFRED CLAY

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Miss Maggie Raines and her mother sat facing each other and saying never a word. They had talked for an hour. They had talked all there was to talk. They had tears in their eyes as they talked.

For a year past Maggie had had a steady place as a stenographer at \$12 per week, and she had done wonders with her salary; rent, fuel, provisions, clothing and car fare, and they did not owe a dollar. The average working girl is twice the financier that the average working man is.

Things had gone very well with the little family, but now trouble had come. Maggie had lost her place at a day's notice. She wasn't despairing, but discouraged. She knew all about answering advertisements and tramping from office to office. It might be weeks before she was settled again, and what of the income?

Down at the corner where the girl had taken the car every morning and left it every evening, was a real estate office. The proprietor was a middle-aged man, and he looked to be a good man. That is, he seemed to Maggie to have an honest face, and she thought there might be sympathy there for one in trouble. She didn't want charity, and she didn't want pity. She wanted a chance to help herself, just as it would be given to a young man.

"Well?" queried the mother after a long silence.

"I was wondering if I was as smart as most other girls," was the reply. "One of our stenographers quit her place two months ago and went to selling real estate on commission. She has made a hundred dollars a week."

"Just think of that, Maggie!" "I am thinking of it. In the morning I am going down to have a talk with the real estate man on the corner. If I can make \$25 a week it will be a great thing."

"But how does any one sell real estate, dear?" "I don't exactly know, but I guess most of it is done by talk. You make a person think he wants to buy, and then keep at him until he does buy."

"Well, you have a coaxing way about you. You got the landlord to come down five dollars a month on the rent, and the grocer will sell you a pound of prunes a cent cheaper than he will me."

Next morning Maggie Raines visited the real estate office. Mr. Stryker had just opened his mail and seemed perturbed, but he gave her his attention. In an embarrassed way, and yet with underlying confidence, she said she believed she could sell real estate, and she wanted a chance to try. Mr. Stryker didn't smile doubtfully nor sarcastically. He had been trying to sell real estate for a good many years, and had had poor luck at it, but he didn't even ask himself how a young stenographer who didn't know the value of a load of sand was going to make a success at it. He gave a minute or two to thought and then replied:

"I will give you a chance, and a splendid one. I own 80 acres of timber land at Walnut Point, on Lake Huron. I have about closed a deal with a party in Buffalo. In fact, the deed is made out, and if handed to him the money would be passed."

"And are you going there to close the deal?" Miss Maggie asked. "I was, but my wife has been taken seriously ill and I cannot leave her. I can give you power of attorney and send you, if you can go this evening and close the affair tomorrow. I will pay your expenses and give you five per cent commission. You will net \$250 for three days' work."

"Oh, Mr. Stryker, but that's too much—altogether too much," exclaimed the astonished girl. "I'll be glad to go for \$50."

"Your commission will be the sum I have named. You will take along the deeds and a letter from me. You will, of course, say that you are connected with this office. You can say that other parties are after the land. If asked about my standing you can say it is of the highest. You can say that on a part of the land is a quarry of purest granite that when developed will be worth twenty times my asking price for the land. I have been told that the walnut trees alone on the land are worth half the price, and you can mention that incidentally. You must talk, Miss Raines—you must talk."

"I certainly will." "And bring back a certified check for the amount. Make the party understand that he is getting the bargain of his life, and that I am selling more to accommodate him than for any other reason. John D. Rockefeller would snap up Walnut Point in a minute at the price asked, but I have refused to deal with him. You may have seen him here at the door of the office the other day. You had best be ready to take the four o'clock train."

There was rejoicing in the house of Raines. The sale was sure to go through and that \$250 would solve many problems. It would be a starter for other sales, and after a bit Miss Maggie might be riding around in her own auto to hunt up customers. She rode all night, but she didn't sleep a wink. Over and over—a hundred times over—she repeated her lesson, and after her arrival and breakfast in Buffalo she sought the office of Mr. George McLane with the utmost con-

fidence. She hadn't been told whether he was old or young, but she had imagined white hair and chin whiskers and a benign countenance.

She was therefore surprised to be ushered into an office where sat a young man of less than twenty-five, who had half a dozen letters from the morning mail before him. No chin whiskers—no benign! A very keen, good-looking young man she called him, and she suddenly found that she had temporarily forgotten even her own name. He opened two more letters to give her a chance to get her memory back, and then she began on her first real estate sale. Yes, Mr. McLane had had some correspondence with Mr. Stryker about Walnut Point. Yes, he had about decided to close the deal. Yes, he had heard something about that granite, and something about Mr. Rockefeller. Yes, it was very kind of Mr. Stryker to offer him such a bargain.

Miss Maggie Raines was exultant. That five per cent commission was as good as in her purse. She was an unqualified success as a real estate seller. And then Mr. McLane showed her a letter from the west three days old. A part of it read:

"The big storm caused the lake to cut through the Point and make a channel 200 feet wide. The gale did not leave fifty trees standing on the whole tract. I know that the old shark Stryker has been written to, and you look out that he don't stick you!"

Miss Maggie laid down the letter and then covered her face with her hands and wept.

"Of course, you didn't know," said the young man kindly.

"Will you—you believe I didn't?" she asked.

"I am sure you didn't. Stryker was trying to use you to swindle me. He was afraid to come himself. That's all fudge about a sick wife."

"And I—I am an idiot!" she said as her tear came again.

"Oh, no, no, no! It was five per cent commission, you see. I shall be up your way in a day or two, and may I call and talk it over with you?" "But what is there to talk about? Stryker is a villain and I'm—I'm—" But yet when Mr. McLane called they found lots to talk about, and mother and daughter were glad that he came. Miss Maggie dropped real estate and took up stenography again, and Mr. McLane— Well, when a young man will make a railroad journey of 40 miles every two weeks in order to spend four hours in the company of a young lady, it is to be concluded that there is something doing, and that Buffalo's next census will show at least another happy home.

First English Play.

Nicholas Udall's "Ralph Roister Doister," which was printed in 1595, was probably the first English play, and of the second of such comedies, "Gammer Gurton's Needle," which was performed at Cambridge in the same year. Careful students of the history of the English drama recognize the impracticability of drawing distinct lines of separation between the old miracle plays which were religious, the moralities which were transitional, and the plays of the distinctly secular stage. The earliest ascertained date of miracle plays in England is approximately 1110, in the reign of Henry I. At that time the miracle play of St. Catherine was acted at Dunstable. It is mentioned by Matthew Paris under its Latin name "Ludus de Sancta Katharina" as performed under the direction of a monk, Geoffrey, who later became abbot of St. Albans. The subject of the beginnings of English drama is presented in an interesting manner in Manley's "Specimens of the Pre-Shakespearean Drama."

Europe's First Parrot.

So far as known, the first introduction of parrots into Europe occurred in the fourth century B. C., when, it is related, one of the generals of Alexander's army, returning from India, brought with him specimens of the ring-necked parakeet. These parakeets, which were called "Alexandrian parakeets," after the monarchs in whose reign they were introduced, are still very popular with bird-fanciers, and are so common in India that sailors continually bring them to Europe and America. They are docile, and while slow in acquiring speech, finally make excellent talkers. Roman writers inform us that they were not eaten in India, but were held sacred because of their ability to reproduce human speech.

There Were Others.

A couple were engaged to be married the other day in Chicago, and every preparation was made to celebrate the nuptials, but the bridegroom did not appear. A messenger, however, brought the news to the waiting party that he had business occupation in New York, and could not leave. The reply of the young lady was worthy of the occasion. With tear-drops glistening in her eyes, and her heart ready to burst with grief, she turned to the company and said: "I don't keep a darn, there's plenty more men in the world, anyhow!"

The first system of police was inaugurated in England by Sir Robert Peel in 1814.

DOULTRY

EXCELLENT RATION FOR EGGS

Prof. Chambers Ascribes His Success to Intelligent Feeding, Good Care and Trap Nesting.

At a poultry institute, held by the Colorado agricultural college last summer, Prof. W. G. Chambers exhibited a Rhode Island Red hen that has laid 200 eggs in one year.

Prof. Chambers keeps from forty to fifty hens on a town lot and has to buy all his feed. He keeps an accurate account of all expenses, and last year for feed, louse killer, straw and all incidentals, the cost was one dollar per hen. He uses trap nests and keeps no hen that lays less than 120 eggs in twelve months. The average for his entire flock is a little over twelve dozen eggs a hen per annum.

The average price in the open market for the year for eggs has been 25 cents a dozen. This makes at market price an income of three dollars a hen for the year—two dollars a hen more than the cost of feed where all feed has to be purchased.

Prof. Chambers has made more than this amount because he has sold some of his eggs for hatching. He ascribes his success to intelligent feeding, good care and trap-nesting. His hens are given dry feed entirely. He gives a light feed of whole wheat and corn three times a day, scattering the grain in the litter.

He keeps before his hens all the time in self-feeding hoppers a dry mash made of the following mixture:

Straw	200
Alfalfa meal	200
Corn meal	100
Shorts	100
Linseed meal	100
Meat, bone and blood	100

With this is mixed a little salt and cayenne pepper.

SOME TROUBLES WITH DUCKS

Usually Caused by Ignorance and Because Nature of the Bird is Not Fully Understood.

When there is trouble in raising ducks it is usually because the nature of the duck is not understood. Ducks should not be allowed water to swim in until matured and then the market ducks do not need it, although it is an aid to fertility, vigor and condition. It is quite possible to make



Flock of White Pekins.

money by raising and selling ducks without water.

Do not try to raise chicks and ducklings together; the ducklings will soil the water, till the chicks cannot and should not drink it, and will gobble up all the food. The duck should be fed soft food and not too much grain. It has no crop, the food passing directly into the gizzard, hence the importance of having water at hand when the ducks eat. Make sure that they have an abundance of green food and sand. When ducks are kept dry, bedded in a clean place, given plenty of water and the right kind of food, they grow like weeds, and rarely suffer from disease or lice, though lice will occasionally infest them.

DOULTRY NOTES

Keep the chicks free from lice. They cannot grow well and fight lice at the same time.

Old geese lay a greater number and larger eggs and are more reliable than young geese.

Young geese do not lay as many fertile eggs or produce as many goslings in the first breeding season as they do in the second.

Fresh air and sunshine are the best disinfectants that the poultry raiser has at his disposal, and ought to be more often used in his work.

The Indian Runner ducks are not very good sitters, although they are often inclined to incubate. Their eggs are generally put into incubators or under hens for hatching.

There is no doubt that if the guinea hen is properly cared for at all times that it will prove almost as profitable as any of the ordinary breeds of chickens.

Ducks are not very useful after the fourth or fifth year for breeding purposes.

Hens bred for laying, properly cared for and properly fed ought to produce 125 to as high as 200 eggs per year per hen.

The ducklings should have a great deal of shade. Extreme hot weather will kill them.

When chicks become very much crowded they are liable to sweat in the brooder at night and take cold, become chilled, and this cause trouble.